

Manitoba Debaters Speak Here Tomorrow Night

Resolution "That Total Disarmament is Essential to the Attainment of World Peace" is of Timely Interest—B.C. and Saskatchewan Debate Same Question

The Western University Debating League goes into action on Friday, the seventeenth, when the universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia present two teams each in competition for the McGoun Cup. At each university the resolution is that "Total Disarmament is essential to the attainment of World Peace." Each university sends a travelling team, debating the negative, and holds a home debate. Championships are to be decided by summing up the votes and the victories. Each victory shall count as one unit and each vote by a judge as one unit. The institution receiving the largest number of votes shall be champion.

Manitoba is the present holder of the trophy, and is sending a strong team to Alberta to defend it. Mr. David Sigler and Mr. F. E. L. Priestley are holding the fort for the affirmative at home against Mr. R. G. Riddell and Mr. R. M. Macdonell, of Manitoba.

Alberta's team travelling to Vancouver comprises Mr. Don B. MacKenzie and Mr. Eric Gibbs, who will there uphold the Negative.

The subject of the debate is as follows: "Resolved that Total Disarmament is Essential to the Attainment of World Peace," a topic of very present and timely appeal, and should prove interesting material for discussions, in view of the present world-wide propaganda for disarmament.

LEADER NEGATIVE



DAVE SIGLER

Who will lead the negative side of the debate tomorrow night against the representatives of Manitoba.

N.F.C.U.S. NOTES

Exchange of Undergraduates Scheme

The Exchange of Undergraduates Scheme under the N.F.C.U.S. is in operation this year for the first time, with quite a number of students participating, but no one from the University of Alberta.

Briefly, the idea behind the scheme is to get an interchange of representative students between universities so that in the long run a better understanding of the varied interests and conditions which exist throughout Canada can be gained, and through this a more intensive pursuit of a common ideal.

The scheme also provides an opportunity for students studying along special lines to take advantage of courses offered at one university and not at another, and a cancellation of fees makes the proposition all the more attractive.

Careful selection of students will be made, in order to get a type that will benefit the most from the exchange, and at the same time represent his or her university with the utmost credit.

University of Alberta students who are interested in attending other universities, and who would like to go as Federation scholars, should get in touch with Don Cameron for full particulars as soon as possible, because it is desirable to have the selection made before the University term closes.

The N.F.C.U.S. is providing a wonderful opportunity under this scheme, and as it grows it will become even more valuable.

It is hoped that as soon as we get a goodly number of students travelling under the scheme that we shall be able to get reduced rates from the railway companies, but it is not anticipated that this will happen for a year or so yet.

Last year there were two applications by Alberta students, but neither one was able to go, so it is hoped that Alberta will have a Federation scholar in 1930.

ment. A view of the other side of the question as it suggests itself to these men will be especially apt.

It is anticipated that the home team will furnish a good case. Mr. D. Sigler is a veteran at the game—and certainly with "Felp" Priestley the team is no mean opposition for any team. All who have savored the keenness of many a feature article for some years now will be interested in the spoken and living battle of wits, with "Felp" rising to the occasion with the well-known imperturbable smile—which masks many things.

At any rate, the competition promises to be strenuous—even such as would be pleasing to Professor McGoun, the donor of the trophy, himself an enthusiastic debater. It is said of him, that on one occasion he invaded the fervently and violently Socialistic section of a city to debate against that theory. One may imagine the evening had its possibilities, for the convictions would scarcely be lukewarm, nor would feelings be spared—as even slight acquaintance with that sort of discussion proves. The convictions in the present instance may not be violent, but the topic is one of general interest and the men will give a good variety of style in attack and presentation.

"DOPE" ON THE TOBA DEBATERS

R. Gerald Riddell and Ronald M. Macdonell Are Versatile Gentlemen

This is what the University of Manitoba felt able to tell about the debating team of which Alberta will learn more on Friday, Jan. 17th.

Personnel
I.—R. Gerald Riddell (very particular about the "R"), who
(1) Was past editor of "Vox"—don't confuse with "Lux."
(2) Is present secretary of Students' Union Council.
(3) Debated 1929 against N. F. C. U. S. team.
(4) Is blonde (more or less).
(5) Is interested in drama, but cuts his hair (brown) nevertheless.
(6) Fifth year Arts (seems to have leanings towards philosophy—but that is only a snap judgment).
II.—Ronald M. Macdonell (particular about all the letters in his name), who
(1) Was past editor of "The Manitoban."
(2) Is member for Arts on Students' Union Council.
(3) Debated 1928 against North Dakota and 1929 against Saskatchewan.

(4) Company commander in C.O. T.C.—the same brand as usual.
(5) Interested in music (good?!).
(6) Likes bagpipes in spite of it.
(7) Also Blonde.
(8) Fifth year Arts—probably has leanings towards Commerce.

The Manitoba Team

(1) Strongly reminds us of Rudy Vallée—just another blonde, it is said.
(2) Seems to be experienced in many lines and gifted along the rest.
(3) Suggests that much has been suppressed, and wisely so.
(4) Promises not to put on a "cow-boy act" between scenes.
(5) Have decided "not to disarm completely"—but if world peace is to be attained a Scot will assist.
(6) Will make the rest of its claims to notoriety, public on Friday evening.

MATH CLUB HEARS OF SUPERPOSITION

E. D. Williams Gives Interesting Paper—Lively Discussion Follows

On Tuesday, Jan. 14, the Math Club held another of its interesting meetings. Mr. Dwight Williams favored the members with a paper on "Superposition and Congruences." He illustrated his talk by such propositions in Euclid as I—4, I—8 and I—26.

After outlining and discussing the opinions of early mathematicians, Mr. Williams gave the viewpoint of the leading mathematicians of the present day. Several suitable passages were read from reports and gazettes, which opened a lengthy discussion.

Why was geometry taken from the Grade VIII curriculum? How much geometry should a pupil of 15 know? Was the method of teaching geometry in Grade VIII the best? Was the text-book suitable? What makes geometry an interesting subject? The replies to these questions were in most cases of a personal nature, and as such were extremely interesting.

"Vogues of Statistics," by Dr. Sheldon, is the paper for the next meeting, on Jan. 28th.

THE MANITOBA TEAM



RIDDELL AND MACDONELL

R. Gerald Riddell and Ronald M. Macdonell, who will represent Manitoba in the debate with Varsity here on Friday evening. They will uphold the affirmative of the question: "Resolved that total disarmament is essential to world peace."

INTERMEDIATES TIE CIVICS, TUESDAY, 1-1

Fast Game All the Way—Clarke Stars in Varsity Net

On Tuesday night the Varsity rink was the scene of a hard-fought hockey game between the Varsity Intermediates and the league-leading Civics. During the whole 60 minutes both teams skated and back-checked like demons. The game started fast, with the Civics drawing first blood, when a three-man rush left Clarke no chance to save. Varsity pressed hard and were rewarded with a goal before the end of the first period. For the rest of the 60 minutes neither team was able to register a counter.

Varsity Line Worked Well
On the forward line for Varsity, Herron, Brodie and Hollington turned in good performances; Maynard was the pick of the sub line. On defence Thompson turned in his best game of the season scoring Varsity's only goal, his checking leaving nothing to be desired. Pinkney, pairing up with Thompson on defence, was dangerous in every rush.

Varsity Goalie On
The honors of the night go to Clarke, goalie for Varsity. He appeared cool as the proverbial "cucumber," as he kicked and batted out shot after shot. Even the questionable language of the Civics as their best efforts proved in vain had no effect on this wizard.

Varsity lineup: Goal, Clarke; de-

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Renewing a practice of several years' duration, The Gateway will this session publish a Literary Supplement. This will take the form of a magazine of between twenty and thirty pages. Its purpose is to provide a medium, of less transient nature than the pages of The Gateway, in which whatever budding talent may exist among us may be given an opportunity to manifest itself.

Poems, skits, short stories, plays, essays, humour, study, tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, satire—all are welcome contributions. Unused manuscript may be recovered by calling at The Gateway office.

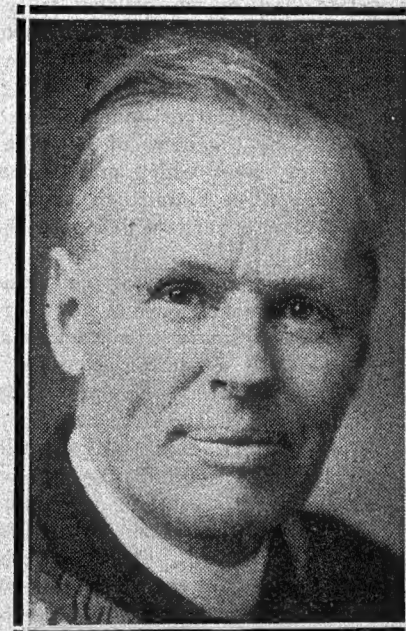
Contributors are requested to hand all material in to the editors, Mabel Conibear or Percy Field, either directly or through The Gateway contribution box. It is expected that the supplement will be distributed with the eighth or ninth number of The Gateway of this term, that is, early in March; but contributors are reminded that the earlier the material is received the more likely it is to appear in print.

fence, Thompson and Pinkney; forwards, Brodie, Herron, Tollington; subs, Lefevre, Maynard, Miquelon.

JOHN McLEOD MILLAR

(1865-1930)

By telephone, over the air, and from the evening paper, I learn that Principal Millar died last night. He was curling at the Granite Rink in the mixed bungalow, and at the eighth end after two good shots succumbed. Yet I go about stunned with the seeming unreality of it all: only a few hours ago he told me with some glee that that night against his own skip!



Principal Millar's life was that of clergyman and scholar, with little outward incident, and so is quickly told. Born in Kincardine, Ontario, in 1865, he was graduated from Queen's University, B.A. in 1890 and M.A. in 1891; he took his B.D. degree from Queen's Theological College in 1895, and was ordained to the Presbyterian Church in Canada. That year he entered upon his first pastorate, Norwich, Ontario, where he remained for six years. Then—in response, it may be, to Ralph Connor's "Black Rock"—he removed to Phoenix, a small mining town in British Columbia. From Phoenix he was called to Nanaimo Presbyterian Church, and while minister there was elected moderator of the British Columbia Synod.

In 1909 he accepted a call to Knox Presbyterian Church, Strathcona, and for these twenty years his home has been in Edmonton.

In 1910 Robertson College was founded by the General Assembly, and Professor S. W. Dyde was appointed principal. It was natural that the minister of Knox Church—who had lectured in Philosophy to the students of the Provincial University—should be called to the chair of English Bible in this new theological college. In 1913 Professor Millar received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Westminster Hall, Vancouver, and when Principal Dyde returned to Kingston in 1918 Professor Millar was appointed Principal of Robertson College.

With Church Union, Robertson College and Alberta College (South) were brought together under one board, and Principal Millar was co-principal of the United College with Dr. Tuttle of Alberta College (South).

The honours which fellow-ministers can bestow were his: Moderator of the Synods of British Columbia and of Alberta; Commissioner to the first General Council of the United Church, and first President of the Alberta Conference.

This is the first break by death in the professional ranks of the College which go to make St. Stephen's.

It seems lonely now.

CLYO JACKSON.

Dr. R. C. Wallace Attends Important Conferences

President of Alberta University is Member of Committees Engaged in Work of Great Value to Canada—Trained Men Needed For Future Development of Our Country

Dr. R. C. Wallace, president of the University, has returned from the east, where he has been in attendance at several important meetings. The meetings included that of the Canadian Pioneer Problems Committee, the Canadian Biological Board, the committee studying the problem of waste gas in the Turner Valley, the Joint Commission for the Utilization of Tar Sands, and the Committee on the Award of the Randolph Bruce Medal (Canadian Mining and Metallurgical Institute). Montreal, Ottawa, and Washington were the cities in which meetings occurred.

While in Ottawa, Dr. Wallace addressed the University Club, and in Montreal he was the guest of the Canadian Club. Economic and social problems in Canada, particularly in pioneer settlements, were the subjects of his addresses. In this connection, the work of the Canadian Pioneer Problems Board was outlined. This Board has been dealing with economic and sociological difficulties encountered in such districts as Peace River, and will continue to take a leading part in this work for at least the next two years. The Board's aims will be much more easily fulfilled if, as Dr. Wallace indicated in his Montreal address, the youths who undertake pioneer work are equipped with the best in university training. Such youths must have, in addition to ability in the necessary practical work, an appreciation of the fine arts which add zest to life and lead to real contributions to the history of the nation's progress.

The work of the Joint Commission for the Utilization of Tar Sands is of more than passing interest to Albertans. The body named (consisting of representatives of the Federal Department of Mines, the Dominion Research Council, and the Alberta Research Council) hopes to have available by next summer an encouraging report on the possibilities economically of the tar sands under present conditions. Meanwhile, much experimentation will proceed in an effort to develop an economically practical process for treatment of the sands.

EVERGREEN AND GOLD

A meeting of the Evergreen and Gold Year Book executive was held last Friday in their office, 345 Med Building, to discuss many items of business, particularly closing dates for the acceptance of year book material.

A thousand and forty book covers have been ordered, which will eventually become the same number of books.

Owing to the large amount of work necessary for their completion, the committee ask 100 per cent. co-operation from every student.

Please don't wait till the last minute to have your picture taken, but beat the closing date by as much as possible.

The final date for receiving pictures is January 31st. All students, freshmen in particular, are reminded that while at the studio they must have their class year recorded, and ask that a print be made for year book purposes at whatever studio you patronize.

Sophomores and Juniors wishing to use pictures from former years must also arrange with the studio to have a reprint made before the closing date.

Good snaps of sports or of University life are hard to obtain; if you have any of these, please hand them to any one of the year book staff. They will be much appreciated.

Due to the amount of business to be transacted, Lloyd Reynolds has been appointed assistant business manager.

DEBATING TOMORROW



"FELP" PRIESTLEY

Who will second Dave Sigler's attempts tomorrow evening to show that disarmament is not essential to world peace, in the inter-varsity debate here.

If the attempt is successful, the McMurray tar sands in Alberta will receive attention, and another industry will be added to a steadily-growing list.

The problem of preventing further waste of gas in the Turner Valley is a difficult one. The committee at work on the question has as yet no definite report giving a solution, but may be in a position to make public such a solution next summer. At present the gas wastage in the Turner Valley is enormous, and as that rare and valuable gas, helium, is involved, the money-value of the gas is correspondingly great.

The above-named committees of which Dr. Wallace is a member, together with the National Research Council and other Canadian bodies, are performing invaluable work for Canada, and will become still greater aids to her material and spiritual progress. They are organizations which justify Canada's place in the British Empire and in the League of Nations. Canadians will do well to give them their support and to train themselves to take an active part in their work. By their contributions Canada will more quickly take the high place for which acknowledged great men claim her to be destined.

PILLS AND PAINS

The Med. Club held a meeting on Tuesday evening. Fourth Year was not very largely represented, due to a little lapse in the nature of discourse on Dementia Praecox on Wednesday morning.

The Fourth Year class representative evidently is basking in the sunshine of spring. When Dr. Wilson asked him for his phone number the other day this stricken youth rashly wrote down 31712. Is this another case of a young man's fancy?

Come on, fellows, and let's have some support for the Med-Dent hockey team. They have won one and lost one. They are really good at rallies, and our support may help them to an interfaculty championship.

Swede is very reticent about that shiner of his. We wonder who had the temerity and how he is.

In our future offices we will undoubtedly all buy "Short Stories" for the adornment of our waiting room tables. There is the case on record of the man who came to read the next installment.

Well, at last the big dance is here. Tomorrow night we will, as the Prom reporters say, dance to the throb of jungle drums and the sob of wailing saxophones in the mellow light of an artificial moon. Beautiful girls in dazzling creations, studies in black and white not studying. The big function of the year—the Medical Ball.

MEETING OF S.C.M. IS WELL ATTENDED

Mr. Wm. Swift Speaks on "Leakage in Religious Education"

A very live and unusually well-attended meeting of the S.C.M. was held on Monday afternoon in A212. The speaker, Mr. "Bill" Swift, took as his topic, "The Leakage in Religious Education." The address dealt chiefly with the work of the Sunday school, especially where that work touches 'teen-age boys.

The problem as stated by the speaker is this: At a certain age boys, as well as girls, tend to drift away from the Sunday school. What are the underlying causes of this movement, and what methods may be employed to correct it? Possible causes, such as the distaste of normal boys for hymn-singing and lengthy prayers, were brought forward. The modern tendency is to place less emphasis upon formal methods of worship, more upon discussion and the personality of the leader.

The address was followed by a brisk half-hour of discussion, in which many of those present took part and which was extremely stimulating. The meeting adjourned, after expressing its hearty gratitude to Mr. Swift.

IN MEMORIAM

On behalf of their many fellow-sufferers in all departments of the University, The Gateway wishes to extend its sincere sympathy to Mrs. and Miss Millar on their heavy bereavement in the passing away of Principal Millar, of St. Stephen's College.



THE GATEWAY

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APOLOGIA PRO VERBA NOSTRA

Such bitter anger, such *saeva indignatio*, overcame us upon our perusal of a letter criticising our frequent use of classical expressions, that our first impulse was to give the writer cause again and again to lament "*aegrescit medendo*"—"what a hope!" But even editorial wrath soon dies—*ira furor brevis est*. And after all *fas est et ab hoste doceri*; out of the mouths of critics and criticsasters proceedeth wisdom. It may be that in our desire to explain difficult matters we draw too freely upon the aphorisms of the ancients, thereby only involving our readers in greater confusion—*ignotum per ignotius*.

But it was a mistake to think that the classical phrases used are employed only to reveal ourselves as a *homo multarum literarum*—a pedantic polyglot. The "distinct classic flavour" which our conning of Roget's Thesaurus—a *particeps criminis* not less guilty than ourself—has imparted to our paper is, in our opinion, of value; its absence would be a real loss—a *hiatus valde deflendus*. Therefore, *ex auctoritate mihi commissa*, as a duty of office, we have attempted a "judicious sprinkling" of *crambe repetita*—"cabbage re-hashed," or "old stuff"—wherever it might add to the dignity of our paper. In order, however, to avoid involving our readers in perplexity we have in all cases, with two exceptions, followed the phrase by a very free translation, explicit or implied. The first exception is made in the case of very common expressions, such, *exempli gratia*, as *caveat emptor*. The second is applied whenever the expression, by being given some new turn, is considered humorous; for a joke, like a page of lecture notes, loses all its value when it is explained. The use of classical phrases in this manner is, at its best, a *cos ingeniorum*, by which the faculty of getting humour out of life may be greatly increased. And after all, as we have had occasion to state before, we do not plan our work to fit the intellects of children—*virginibus puerisque*.

OLD SWEEDIEE

Weather reports indicate more snow in the immediate future. Already the ground lies under a white blanket as heavy, and as soft, as we have seen on the campus for years. The bank of the Saskatchewan are as steep and as smooth as ever, the air as crisp and exhilarating as in days of yore. And yet Old Suicide remains deserted, untrampled and untracked. Has the spirit of its builders fled from among us? Has the appearance of a rink in close proximity to the centre of our life banished for ever the days of the wishing slide down, the long climb up, the sizzling hot-dogs beneath a startled yellow moon in a sky of blue, and the dislocated vertebrae under a sweater of green and gold? Forbid it, guardian spirit of Quaecumque Vera!

No, the reason Old Suicide is neglected is simply that the only safe means—if there are any—of using its exhilarating slope are, so to speak, in hock. One of the toboggans belonging to the now defunct Toboggan Club is also defunct, and on the other a small sum of money is in dispute between the executors of the said defunct club and the University. The few ex-members remaining here of the club that was agreed that the University carpenter shop had promised to make a toboggan for such-and-such a sum, and then, when it was completed, had charged such-and-such plus sufficient more to force the club into liquidation if it had paid it. The difference remains unsettled; the toboggan has been used until it is now nowhere near worth such-and-such; and Old Suicide has reached such a state that there is need of another epithet to be added to its name in order adequately to describe it.

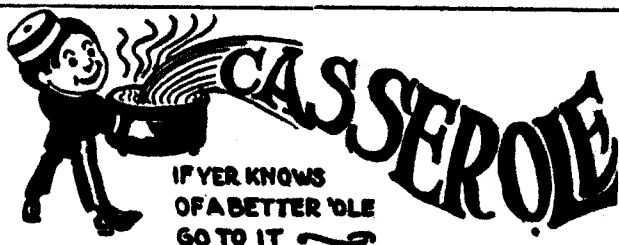
In the face of such difficulties private enterprise is obviously hopeless. If then what was once a very popular sport here is to be in any manner revived some authoritative body must take charge. Obviously the Athletic Association is such a body, and exists for such a purpose. A Toboggan Club should be established under the auspices of the Athletic Association.

OBSERVATION AND PARTICIPATION

There is a story told concerning the origin of the word "philosophy" which runs as follows. At the Olympic games held every four years in Greece, Pythagoras, one of the early philosophers, noticed that there were three classes of people: the competitors, whose purpose was the winning of glory; the tradesmen, whose object was gain; and the spectators, whose search was for wisdom. To these last Pythagoras likened the philosopher, who seeks to satisfy his love of wisdom in the observation of the ways of his kind.

Against such an authority, against the very founder of the word, we do not hesitate to state bluntly that he who seeks wisdom today finds that it is attained as much through action as through contemplation, and comes with equal force to the participant and the spectator. The man whose principal object in life is the increase of his understanding therefore divides his time with near equality between doing and watching the action in which is life.

But education consists, and must necessarily consist, largely of the observation of generalities, which, if it leads to a broad wisdom, is in a manner superficial, and conduces little to the understanding of life. To complement our curricular learning, therefore, we require an experience of action. On such a basis only can we mould to advantage the superstructure of knowledge which it is our object here to obtain. Our extra-curricular institutions and activities are, consequently, valuable in so far chiefly as they require our



"Colonel Brown seems to be very literary," remarked the visitor to the Brown household to the negro maid, glancing at the pile of magazines lying on the floor.

"Yas, ma'am," replied the ebony-faced girl; "yas, ma'am, he shokey am literary. He jes' nat'allly littahs things all ovah dis year house."

11:59 p.m.

Caller: "You know, there was something I wanted to say to you, but it has quite gone out of my mind. I can't remember what it was."

Maiden (hopefully): "It wasn't good night, was it?"

You cannot stub a mistletoe.

When a man can close his eyes and reach right into the traditional haystack and extract the lost needle instantly, he may consider himself qualified to state why it is that a woman does whatever she does and does not that which she does not in the way in which she does or does not, as the case may be, those things that she does or doesn't do.

A farmer while loading hay in his field was attacked by his neighbor's bulldog. The man defended himself with the pitchfork and sent the dog yelping home. The neighbor rebuked him, and asked him why he did not use the blunt end of the fork first.

"I would have," replied the farmer, "if your dog had come at me blunt end first."

"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?" asked one man of his friend.

"Sure," was the answer. "Did you think it would go through."

Scientists tells us that it is alcohol that makes the leaves turn red and fall to the ground. Why can't federal authorities do a little raiding in our forests in the interests of eternal summer.

Mary had two pretty calves,
She clothed in pure thread silk,
And neither one could say ba, ba,
Nor drink a drop of milk.

"Little boy, do you know what becomes of boys who use such bad language when they play marbles?"

"Yes'm. They grow up and play golf. Shoot Jimmy."

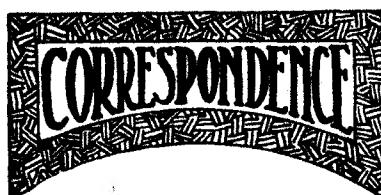
industry and direct participation without calling for more outside interest than is sufficient to provide a measure by which the participants may judge of their success or failure.

It is upon this hypothesis that, against such an authority as our second correspondent of this issue, and against all such as in our opinion corrupt the meaning of the term "sport," we do not hesitate, even at the risk of being considered unique, bluntly to repeat that statement, concerning the connection between the honour and glory of the university and the number of spectators present at its games, which appeared in our editorial on that subject last week, and which, fulfilling expectation, has drawn its measure of odium. With Pythagoras to differ may be our honour; with the majority, however great, so long as that majority appears to us to hold a wrong opinion of such broad consequences, it is our duty. And so we make the statement again: "the fewer spectators at one of its games the greater the honour and glory of the university, our alma mater." And, in other words, again: in calculating the returns we get from the sums we spend, as an institution, on sport, we should count the number of players as gain, and the number of spectators as loss. And again: the ideal university sport is that in which the players are many, and the spectators few or none. And again: the value to us of any sport varies directly as the number of players it engages, and indirectly as the number of spectators it attracts.

We made it clear in our last issue that no objection could be made against the individual spectator. If an individual enjoys watching a game it is his own business; let him choose his own return from the time, money, and interest which he cares to spend on sport. But because the time, money and interest which each student can afford so to spend, however variable, is definitely limited, it follows that the more spectators there are the fewer regular players there will be. It is, consequently, the function of the Athletic Association to encourage as many people as possible to engage in the various sports under its control. We do not urge that it should encroach upon the liberty of the individual by attempting to shut him out from the observation of any athletic pastime. But we do say that whenever it or any of its branches urges us to witness the spectacle put up by its players it is acting contrary to its ideal nature.

It may be observed from the above that we do not consider it a matter of much importance whether Varsity wins its games with others or not. The chief benefit derived from a win we consider to be this, that the success of our representatives in any branch of sport seems to have the effect of encouraging the less gifted to engage in that sport with greater enthusiasm. But the effect is not always such: the stress laid upon playing well, after the example of the conquering heroes of gridiron and rink, often prevents the more diffident of us from playing at all. One the whole, however, success encourages general participation. That such success may have other happy consequences, or be itself a happy consequence, we would not deny; but we do consider that, however tediously they may be enumerated, these consequences are never of such importance as to justify the damage done by urging our students out as spectators whose moral influence may sway the tide of battle to bring them about.

The chief value of success, as we have ranked it in the preceding paragraph, is virtually as efficacious whether that success is observed or not. It is true that the sight of masterful play by a member of one of our teams at a critical moment, may prove a great incentive to the beholder to attempt to obtain the same



LITTLE SLAM—HONOURS DIVIDED

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I am only a poor ignorant senior, but I feel there are lots more just like me, and this emboldens me to write to you on a little matter of general interest. I don't know whether you ever have time for anything so obvious as an English course, but anyway you may have heard of a scenario writer named W. Shakespeare? Well, one of his pals has left it on record that William knew little Latin and less Greek—but in spite of that, he got by. Doug and Mary have just screened one of his shows, which proves he must be good. Then there was Wamba—you know, in Ivanhoe—who crashed into a great big castle and queered the whole works—yet all the Latin he knew was *Fax vobiscum*. Altogether, my study of history convinces me that while Latin is a wonderful language, I've always counted on getting through life with a few easy ones like *simplex munditus* or *sic transit gloria mundi*. Now, Mr. Editor, as I said, this is my last year—*Eheu, fugaces*—and I haven't time to go back to Latin and start murdering the hostages all over again. So will you please, Mr. Editor, publish all your wise and witty cracks in English so that we ignorami can get the point? Of course, I realize that a judicious sprinkling of *crambe repetita* (whatever that may be) gives the paper a distinct classic flavor, and will boost our stock within ancient ivy clad walls to the eastward. But right here on the Saskatchewan—we both deplore the fact, but it is so—*crambe repetita* is a total loss. So please, Mr. Editor, won't you let the rest of us in on your jokes?

PERSEPHONE.

(*Risum tenentis, amici?*—Editor.)

GRAND SLAM

University of Alberta,
Jan. 10, 1930.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Having read your editorial in the last issue concerning attendance at the hockey games and the Saturday night dances, I feel that as I was the one who made the proposal which has met with such marked disapproval on your part, and which you have consistently refused to publish in the sports columns of your paper, that I should point out the already too obvious fallacies in the above-mentioned editorial.

You make the statement that the fewer supporters the team has at its games the more honor and glory to our University. You may think that way, but if you do you are certainly unique. The general opinion held by those who are consistent followers of sport is that a team's success depends to a large extent on the support which it gets from the sidelines. If teams in the city which have no connection with any organized institution such as this, have a thousand odd supporters who think that it is necessary to support that particular team in order that it might come out on top, is it not all the more necessary that a college where there is supposed to be some "spirit" should get out and support its teams?

You also make the statement that as long as we win what matter whether there are six hundred or six spectators present. There is not much encouragement for a team to try to win if they know that the rest of the students do not care whether or not they do. If all the students took the same attitude, Mr. Editor, as you do, we would have no teams, no rink, no gym, no gridiron, and this would become merely a knowledge factory

mastery in the same branch of sport; but the impulse, while immediate, is not lasting. If our success in any sport does, as we believe, truly swell the numbers of those who engage in that sport, it is because of the general interest awakened by the reports of that success. The incidents contributing to success are not nearly so effective generally as the pervading spirit aroused by the news of it. The brief report of the game or event which may be conveyed through the columns of a newspaper develop almost all of this particular benefit which may be derived from the win.

In this connection the principles of a university newspaper, because of a criticism made in our correspondence of this week, may well be passed in brief review. Since the reports of athletic events have, as we have stated in the preceding paragraph, so influential a part in the forming of general tastes for types of sport, it is essential that the paper present the facts as they actually occur, neither glorifying our victories, nor smoothing over our defeats. The truth, as in most of the conditions of life, is adequate for the purpose intended. Certainly it is not the purpose of the paper to fill the sport page with advertisements—neither with advertisements inserted free of charge for the various branches of our sports, begging and imploring, under a shell of news, for encouragement and support from the sidelines—nor with the more legitimate type of advertisement which adds to our revenue without detracting from our dignity and honesty. When it happens, however, that the athletic interests of the society of which this paper is the mouthpiece does not provide enough genuine news to fill a page, then surely no harm can follow from the use of this space for legitimate advertising.

THE "BARBED WIRE" FRONTIER

"U.S. Plans Military force to Patrol Canadian Border." This is a headline which appeared about a week ago in an Edmonton newspaper. Newspaper headlines are apt to be both exaggerated and misleading; but in this case, if the article which accompanies it is to be believed, the headline strikes alarmingly near the truth. The proposal, which is said to have arisen out of President Hoover's message to Congress delivered last December, appears to embody the

turning out year after year men and women who have nothing but a knowledge of a few time-worn books which happen to be authorized texts.

My suggestion that the dances be cancelled on those Saturday nights when there are Varsity games was not made with a view to forcing people to attend the games. I hoped that some would go, but I have been here too long to expect that many would. The suggestion was made because of the many comments which I

(Continued on page 3)

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Correct answer to last week's question:

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complete re-organization and strengthening of prohibition forces along the Canadian and Mexican borders of the United States and includes the placing of "ten thousand men armed with rifles and a thousand machine-guns" along the Canadian border. When to this is added the proposed closing of numerous ports of entry between the United States and Canada and a further proposal to carry on a strict enforcement of the immigration laws between the two countries the result should be just about as uncomfortable a state of armed hostility along our border as prevails along the most heavily fortified frontiers of Europe.

The suggestion has been made that the proposal is not really intended to be seriously considered, but is "more in the line of a gesture to dry sentiment, the refusal of which (by the Canadian government) will cause neither surprise nor grave disappointment." It is certain that the refusal of the Canadian Government to countenance any such scheme will indeed cause very little surprise; indeed the surprise would be aroused by acquiescence of the Canadian Government in any such proposal. If indeed the proposal is merely a "gesture to dry sentiment" we consider it an extremely poor one and one likely to be provocative of a good deal of hard feeling on both sides.

If the scheme were actually carried out the results might be really serious. Rifles in the hands of men engaged in prohibition enforcement have in the past shown a remarkable tendency to go off and kill someone, and already several Canadian citizens have been killed as the result of border raids. Just how far the death-toll might mount if the border were completely armed from end to end one hesitates to guess. This is in itself sufficient to justify strenuous opposition to the scheme, not to mention the grave hindrances which would be imposed on local business and upon international tourist traffic by the closing of many of the ports of entry.

The century or more of unbroken peace between Canada and the United States and the oft-mentioned four thousand miles of unfortified frontier are of far-reaching importance and must be preserved. The enforcement of prohibition in the United States has already claimed enough victims. Its actions should be curbed before the cause of international goodwill is added to the list of its victims.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 2)

have heard from overtown people about the lack of sportsmanship shown by the students in not supporting their teams. Having a dance in opposition certainly makes a very bad impression, even if it does not decrease the attendance at the games. Your statement that the space taken up by your editorial might better have been left blank is the only one that contains much common sense. Any boy who had gone to public school long enough to read and use a dictionary would make the very same remark after reading the editorial. A more profitable way might be to use it for the advertising with which you fill the sport page every week.

There are no students in the University who will deny the fact that it is far better for a person to be playing any game than to be merely a spectator. However, there are many here who do not pretend to be able to play any game well. Those not playing, and especially those in positions of influence such as you, Mr. Editor, might, however, turn that influence to help boost our teams and players instead of using your valuable space knocking them.

Yours truly,
JAS. P. MCKENZIE.

(Of the misstatements concerning the substance of the controversial editorial of last week which appear in this letter I prefer to say little other than this generally to draw the attention of our readers to them. I pass them over without bitterness because I sincerely believe that they follow

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more from simple misunderstanding than from a deliberate attempt to misconstrue the passages in question. I feel, however, that it is necessary to point out that the "sports columns" referred to consist of "Sporting Slants," a column which Mr. McKenzie has edited for the past eleven issues with no small degree of ability and fairness. To maintain the consistency in the policy of the paper it has at times been necessary to rule out some of the suggestions therein originally brought forward.—Editor.)

"SCHOOL SPIRIT"

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been drawn to an editorial in the last issue of The Gateway entitled "The Game of the Thing," deploring the suggestion that the Saturday night dance be cancelled on those nights on which the senior hockey team is in action. Despite your action, Mr. Editor, I feel that the suggestion is a good one, and one that will meet the approval of all fair-minded men and women in the University. In one particular only, I do not agree with the proposal, i.e., that the weekly house dance should be cancelled. Rather I should suggest that in those weeks that the hockey team plays on Saturday night, the house dance be held on Friday instead of Saturday.

As to your insinuation, Mr. Editor, that such action is intended to "beg, coax, wheedle, and even command our students" to attend the sporting events, I fail entirely to see the connection. Certainly we ask you to go to the various sporting events, certainly we request your support for our teams, but surely the suggestion that the Saturday night dance be cancelled on those nights on which there is a major sporting event is not suggesting that we are begging, coaxing, wheedling or, much less, commanding our students to attend the latter.

You say, Mr. Editor, that "there is perhaps a very intangible thing called school spirit." After several years in the University of Alberta, I cannot see how you can possibly entertain any doubt whatsoever on the matter. I am likewise staggered by the suggestion that it is a very intangible thing. Have you, Mr. Editor, ever seen a mob of Varsity students rush onto the grid in an ecstasy of emotion to carry off their victorious heroes? That, sir, is one form of school spirit. Why did every person in Canada acclaim the glorious deeds of Percy Williams at Amsterdam? Why, when we were privileged to see this champion of all champions in action here in Edmonton, did we rise as one to cheer him for his brilliant success? Because he is a Canadian and because we are Canadians. Because we are filled with the love of Canada, and because Percy Williams was bringing immortal fame to us as Canadians. It is the same spirit which moves us to cheer for our heroes at the University of Alberta. It is that "very intangible thing called school spirit." Is it then so very intangible? Much less, can there be any doubt as to its very existence?

Yes, there is such a thing as school spirit, and the proposal referred to, was a step in the right direction in that it attempted to foster that spirit. It is the duty of everyone of us here to do all in our power to encourage that spirit, so that in future we may not be horrified by the spectacle of one in our midst rising and declaring that "there is perhaps a very intangible thing called school spirit."

Sincerely yours,
J. M. BUTLER.

THIS "TWITTERING" BUSINESS

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Please, I'm all hot and bothered. I'm so afraid I've "twittered" and not known about it—wouldn't that be simply too devastating for words? Reading K's article just made me all the hotter and more bothered, 'cause even after using both my Latin and English dictionaries, I don't just exactly know what he's trying to say (do you?), and I'm so afraid I've done it sort of unawares like. But well, anyway, K says he's never done it—in so far as he correctly interprets the term—so it can't be very nice, I mean very, oh, chaste or respectable.

From the few lucid thoughts that I find after reading it a second time, I begin to feel a little less hot and bothered. He says that near emptiness of purse is an obstacle. Now my purse is always empty, but you

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

needn't worry; I won't starve yet awhile, for the boy friend's is usually fairly full. But let's see. "K" says another obstacle is a number of spectators. Well, that's all right, I very seldom, only about three times a week, ever stay with anybody where there isn't a crowd, especially if that anybody isn't of the same sex as "K's" four friends. Then, oh, yes, he kind of hints his lack of experience is an obstacle. Well, that's all right too, because I haven't any experience either—or, at least, they always say I act as if I hadn't.

But he also says it's an "intuitive faculty, an instinct." Well, the dictionary says "intuitive" is "of, possessing, perceived by intuition" and "intuition" is "immediate apprehension by the mind without reasoning." I can always do that; just as soon as a professor comes in the door, I know I'm going to sleep without having to think about it at all. As for "instinct"—I've got lots of them, so I must have this one.

Oh, dear! That just spoils it all. I'm all agitated again. I do wish somebody would explain just exactly what "twittering" is.

Ummm! I've got an idea! I'll experiment and see if I can find the exact mean between "petting" and "not petting," which I judge from reading "K" (Gee! I think I mentioned him before! He'll be getting all flattered) is "twittering." Then I'll write a thesis about it, which ought to be better than "K's" 'cause I'll have made a thorough personal investigation of the subject.

I'm kind of lucky, too, because I live in Pembina, which "K" says is the most likely locality for observation and practice.

You know, I think this course is going to be rather amusing.

KACY.

P.S.—Oh, I forgot to say that I liked the "very defunct ballad" awful well. I'm even beginning to think "K" might be kind of clever.

LAST SUNDAY'S RESIDENCE SUPPER

Jan. 12th, 1930.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—May I have space in your columns to refer to a matter which was the cause of many suppers at the Tuck shop this evening, namely, the food which was served to residence students at today's 5:30 meal.

Each resident student at the University pays for room and board the sum of thirty-seven dollars per month. Twelve dollars of this amount is applied as payment for room and the remaining twenty-five for board. In return for this monthly sum the student expects to receive a comfortable room in one of the residences and three wholesome well-cooked meals each day.

In referring to the rooms in residence I would say that they are generally well kept and, except on rare occasions, are very comfortably heated. For the twelve dollars spent thus the student receives full value; but I am not so sure that he does for the other twenty-five.

Good food, properly and attractively served, is surely what the student is entitled to under the arrangement, but unfortunately one has only to live in residence for a short time

to realize that the food served does not come up to the standard which it should reach. While we may get the required number of vitamins, carbohydrates, fats and proteins and other such abstract nutritious substances, the ordinary student wishes for wholesome clean food properly cooked and served. The present table service in the dining room is quite good, but one finds it difficult to understand why we should be expected to consume some of the meals which are served. True it is that a great many of them are quite nicely prepared, but why should we be given a number which are not? The large quantities of food to be served should make it possible to place before the students well cooked, attractive meals with maximum efficiency at a minimum cost. If private homes can provide good board and room for thirty-seven dollars a month the University should certainly be able to.

In company with a number of other resident students, I proceeded to the dining room for the 5:30 Sunday evening meal. The memory of the food which was placed before us must remain for some time a vivid one, but in all due respect to those who were not present I will refrain from a description. Practically everyone present refused to eat the meal provided, and left the dining room to secure supper elsewhere at their own expense. The obvious answer to the course of action followed is that this attitude should not have been taken on the part of the students. We should have eaten the meal which had been so thoughtfully provided. My retort would be simply that a University student expects, as a return for the money which he pays as board, three properly prepared meals a day. The obvious inference from the actions of the students this evening is that the consensus of opinion was that this was not such a meal.

If, Mr. Editor, the amount which we pay for board is not sufficient to pay for meals properly cooked and served in an appetizing manner, then the University authorities should set the price at a figure which will enable the students to be properly fed. The present rate seems to me adequate, but the point is that what we want is plenty of good, wholesome, well cooked food served in an appetizing manner. We ask only that we may have the privilege of receiving what we are paying for.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space, I am,
Yours truly,
VAGABOND.

Day's End

Sunset—
Gold, flame and stark huge masses
Of molten clouds
Painted and piled upon the western sky.

Weird blackened shapes
Which might be frost stripped trees
Stand in their nakedness
Against the sinking sun.

Day's end—
The long files of geese
Go questing to the south,
The clouds grow blacker
And the Winter comes.
—O. R. WRAY.

THE GATEWAY'S GREAT ONES

No 7—PERCY FIELD

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Of Hector and Lysander—
And such great names as these.
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So much beyond compare,
He needs no panegyrist—
For hard his trumpet's ceaseless blare!
Vain to search through History's pages,
An inspiration for future ages—
Which no more heroic name can yield,
Ask its owner—Percy Field!

What Is "Twittering"?

By Percival Hodnut

A likely park
Where youth may spark,
And speak not of things bitter—
If you will watch,
You'll learn, b'gosh,
The diff 'twixt "spark" and
"twitter."

(Since, at the time these lines were written, Frigidaire was not to be purchased on our easy-payment plan, the ballad from which they were taken has necessarily become more than "very defunct.")

Hitherto I, Percival Hodnut, have found recourse to the correspondence column of this paper when desiring to express an opinion. Such is the nature of the subject under discussion, and of such length is my dissertation, that this time I must allow myself more space than the mentioned column would allow.

My worthy contemporary of the bowler hat and dislike for puns has suggested that, in clearing up one or two little points which have bothered many, we each make some contribution to the discussion on "twittering." Therefore, if you wish further information than is found here, turn to Areoperimeter's "Sow's Ear." It may be, but I doubt it, that his treatise is equally inspired—if he has refrained from twittering long enough to write one.

Areoperimeter advocated that I compare "twittering à la co-ed" and "ditto à la stenog"—no doubt assuming an experience which, I somewhat regretfully hasten to assure you, is beyond my ken. I say "regretfully" because I have been told that there is nothing which is quite like twittering, which advice brings me to my point, thank the Lord.

"There is nothing quite like twittering." Everyone is agreed on this, but none can give the inexperienced a definition of the process. (Is twittering a process, or is it a condition?)

Most twitterers show such obvious ecstasy when accused of twittering that I can only assume that the latter is a condition; a process entails work of some kind, and none of those whom I have in mind would look quite so happy if twittering were a process.)

"Necking," a previous article in this paper leads one to think, is more athletic than twittering. Necking is, then, a process, which, entailing work, explains why I have heard many claim that there is "no kick in necking so-and-so." "Petting" also appears on different level to twittering.

I wish I knew the subtle characteristics of these so-popular indoor, two-door, and four-door sports; I just know that I am missing something. Last night I placed the whole matter before my Aunt Anastasia, but she only smiled and went away to find Uncle Sassifras. If I knew the difference between twittering, necking, and petting, I would know which it was Aunt and Uncle were practising when I found them in the sun-room.

A Few Touching Lines On the Frailty of Women

It may be she loves an Aggie,
Or maybe her flame took Arts—
But there's something more important now

Than a simple matter of hearts,
For the man who annexes the tickets
Is classed among the peers.

I ask you! Who are the men of the hour?
The Meds and the Engineers.
—J. B.

Governor Myers Y. Cooper, of Ohio, has called a conference of rural citizens for the purpose of discussing the proposition to put an end to the little red school house in Ohio.

Short Skirts or Long?

The new mode of 1930 points definitely to longer skirts, but extreme lengths are not favored, the ideal being from four to six inches below the knee for day time wear.

For evening, all the dainty models now being shown are nearly touching the floor, and emphasizing the new silhouette, are verily "Dreams Come True!"

Romer

GOWNS

"No Two Alike!"

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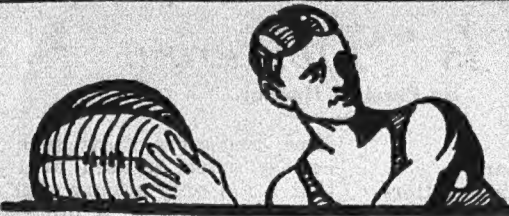
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SPORTS



Elks Break Losing Streak By Defeating Varsity 3-2

Green and Gold Had Off-night—Varsity Gets Two Goals in Last Period and Came Close to Evening

Saturday night saw the Varsity squad drop another game, this time to the Elks. The team did not make anything like as impressive a showing as against the Superiors on Thursday.

McDonald was going good for the Green and Gold, and although he didn't score, was a constant threat. Al Hall played a nice game and was responsible for one of Varsity's counters.

First Period

The first period was not productive of very fast hockey. Varsity was listless and their back-checking was weak.

McDonald worked his way inside the Elks' blue line several times, but couldn't score. He and Hall combined to beat everyone but McNabb.

Elks Take Lead

The Elks registered the first marker at almost the halfway mark of the period when Jerry Ferris scored on Bowen's pass. Stan Ferris had Varsity worried when he forced Ross to come out to save. He came out again to make a pretty save when Ferris and Bowman worked in. Chant and Broadfoot worked together fairly well, but could not get in close enough.

Elks Score on Offside

With five minutes to go, the Elks scored again. Jerry Ferris passed to McMillan inside Varsity's blue line past a defence man, but Campbell didn't call it, so the counter was chalked up.

Esdale and Ferris combined at the start of the second period to give Ross a nasty minute, and Robinson followed up a moment later by a

shot from the blue line which beat Ross. A three-man rush with Purcell at centre split the Varsity defence wide open, leaving Purcell with nobody to beat but the goalie, but Ross came out and made a nice save. The period closed with Varsity still scoreless.

Varsity Gets Two Counters

The third period saw the usual desperate last-minute rally of the Green and Gold boys. McDonald just missed when he hooked around behind the net. Chant flipped a backhand shot that McNabb didn't see till it hit him.

Broadfoot was responsible for Varsity's first tally, when he took a pass from McDonald in front of the net. Al Hall followed up when he grabbed a loose puck to give Varsity their second and last goal. Varsity was playing four men down now. It almost cost another goal when Esdale got through, and again McMillan and Ferris.

The game ended with the Elks still one goal up, score 3-2.

The Lineups

Varsity—Ross, goal; Hall, Mead, defence; Broadfoot, Knight, McDonald, forwards; Chant, Cooper, Gardner, subs.

Elks—McNabb, goal; S. Ferris, Robinson, defence; J. Ferris, McMillan, Esdale, forwards; Purcell, Colville, Bowman, subs.

Varsity plays its next game on Thursday, Jan. 16, against the Imperials. If they can give them as hard a game as they did last time these teams met, it is not at all unlikely that Varsity will be on the long end of the score.

SENIOR GIRLS WIN FROM PROFS. 35-34

Annual Fixture Interesting Spectacle—Profs. Show Better Form Than Last Year

This year's basketball game between the girls and the gentlemen of the class-rooms undoubtedly was a much faster performance from the standpoint of good basketball, but the excitement wasn't half so keen because of our disappointment over the absence of Dr. Rowan and Professor Strickland from the players' bench. We had rather looked forward to a silk hat, a monocle and the odd rugby pad making their annual appearance, I think. However, Prof. Taylor, as the man with the marvelous black eyes, and Vic Gowan's chest protector, did their best to fill the vacancy.

Girls Start Scoring

The first basket went to the girls in spite of Mr. Broadfoot's high, wide and handsome shooting. The play was clean, even if Vada did insist upon getting rough with Frank Peto and John Castles. It didn't seem to prevent them from scoring though, and at the end of the first quarter the Profs were in the lead 10-6.

Girls' Team Takes Lead

The girls caught up in the second quarter with some splendid shooting by the Fry sisters. Ruth and Mr. Gowan seemed to have difficulty in deciding to whom the ball belonged, and Babs Linke and Prof. Elliott insisted upon playing tiddly winks, or was it "Polly Ec"? under the basket. They both scored anyway. With the return of Prof. Sterling and Mr. Castles we saw some fast work up and down the floor that gained four more points for the Profs. The score at half-time was 24-18 for the girls.

The third quarter began with directions in sign language from the man with the black eyes. The shooting was largely in the hands of Wally Sterling and Gladys Fry. Although Peto tried to remove the Profs from the side line and ran wild under the basket, the score turned up 33-22 for the girls.

Profs. Show Good Form

The Profs had the best of it during the last quarter, and brought the final score up to 35-34 for the ladies. Again the ladies have "It," but the Profs were wonderful sports, and we are all looking forward to next year's battle. Nevertheless we must admit with the boys who sat in the gallery that we want Strickland.

WEST END WINS SWIMMING MEET

Final Score 74-34—Baker, Stoddard, Misses Allen McCowan, and McConkey Outstanding

The annual swimming meet between the West End and Varsity was held on Tuesday night. From all reports the meet turned out very successful, although the score, 74-34 in favour of the West End, was somewhat lopsided. This is the second year that the meet has been held, and, if interest is maintained, it should become an annual fixture.

The outstanding performers for Varsity were Baker, Stoddard, Miss Allen, Miss McCowan and Miss McConkey.

The only record established during the evening was that of Claude Adams in the one hundred yards. His time was 60 4-5 secs.

The results were as follows:

50 yards men—Coburn, West End; Baker, Varsity; W. McDonald, West End. Time, 27 3-5.

40 yards women—Kay Swallow, West End; E. Douglas, West End; M. Crang, Varsity. Time, 27 3-5.

100 yards men—Adams, West End; Folinsbee, West End; A. McConkey, Varsity. Time, 60 4-5.

50 yards breast—McDonald, West End; Storey, Varsity; Reger, Varsity. Time, 39 1-5.

20 yards breast, women—McCowan, Varsity; L. Davis, West End. Time, 17 2-5.

40 yards breast—Coburn, West End; Folinsbee, West End; Kinnear, Varsity. Time, 28.

100 yards women—B. Trowbridge, West End; K. McConkey, Varsity; Kay Swallow, West End. Time, 1:21 2-5.

Plunging, men—Stoddard, Varsity; Argue, Varsity; McDonald, West End. 48ft. 8in.

Plunging, women—M. Allen, Varsity; K. McConkey, Varsity; E. Douglas, West End. 53 ft. 9in.

Ladies' diving—B. Trowbridge, West End; E. Douglas, West End; M. Caywood, West End.

Men's diving—Thom, West End; Coburn, West End; Lewis, West End.

Ladies' relay—West End.

Men's relay—West End.

Varsity Seniors DEFEAT "Y" BLUES

Varsity Overcomes Lead to Register Win—Greenlees and Shandro Star

Staging a comeback in the second half the Varsity seniors overcame their opponents in the Edmonton senior basketball league by a score of 33 to 29.

Varsity Comes From Behind

The Varsity boys showed their never-say-die spirit and fought gamely on to overcome a lead of five points which the Blues piled up in the first half. The Blues played a good brand of ball in the first two periods, while Varsity had difficulty in getting going. Passes did not click as they should have done, and shooting was a little wild. At the same time the Blues made most of their opportunities, and rang up 19 points, while 14 was the best Varsity could do.

Greenlees Stars for Blues

After the breather our boys came back with more snap. They seemed to have obtained the required inspiration for they proceeded to overhaul the lead, the Blues had piled up, and when the final whistle blew they were four points to the good on a 33-29 score.

Even if the Blues had taken the match it might have been considered a partial Varsity win, for Clarence Greenlees, the high scorer of the evening, used to frolic on the floor last winter wearing the colors of this institution. All Clarence did was to register 15 of the total of 29 points credited to his playfellows. Richards, too, turned in a good game for the Blues, and had a total of 8 points to his credit.

Shandro Stars for Varsity

As was expected, Bill Shandro was the big noise for the local boys. He gathered 13 points in his first game of the year with the seniors. This augurs well for the future.

Bill Pullishy also turned in a creditable performance. Fenerty played a good defensive game and collected a few points when he staged his rushes.

Unless the team fostered by the "Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay" exceeds our expectations, it looks as if the Varsity hoopers will be representing Northern Alberta in the play-off.

Summary:
Referees—Douglas and Hicks.
Varsity—Keel, Shandro, Pullishy, Saddington, Killick, Carscallen, Macbeth, Fenerty.

"Y" Blues—Greenlees, Plowman, Gowda, Turnbull, Martell, Schreiner, Richards.

Next game, Varsity vs Blues, Saturday, Jan. 18.

West Virginia Wesleyan and University of West Virginia have clashed twenty-two consecutive years on the football field. The series opened in 1902.

Joseph Hackman, University of Tennessee halfback, entered the university without ever having seen a team he played on defeated. This is his sixth year of football.

Varsity Loses to Superiors On Thursday Evening, 2-1

Broadfoot Leads Varsity Boys—Varsity Had Good Share of Play and Were Unfortunate in Losing

On Thursday last Varsity met the toughest opposition the league has to offer and battled on even terms all the way through. Only a tough break gave the Superiors their second and winning tally. And this in face of the fact that Hills, Leminski and Overand, admittedly three of Varsity's best, were out of the lineup.

Broadfoot Out

This depletion in the Varsity ranks, however, was greatly compensated for by the appearance of Bill Broadfoot in uniform. Bill played a stellar game all evening, and just missed tying things up in the second period when the goal judge threw up a hand and then changed his mind.

The first period was not productive of very fast hockey, and play was pretty much of a see-saw affair. Hall was playing one of the best games he has played this winter, while Graham bothered Varsity considerably.

Superiors Score First

The first tally came after about five minutes of play, when Crossland shot and Walker picked the puck out of the scramble for the rebound.

This was the only score of the period, although Walker and Graham staged a number of two-man rushes.

SPORTING SLANTS

Well, sport is in full swing after the long lay-off for the Christmas vacation. Hockey and basketball hold the sway just at present, and there sure have been some rousing games in senior, intermediate and interfaculty leagues.

The ladies' hockey team has been working hard for the coming series with the Monarchs. There are several new players out this year. Good luck, girls!

The girls playing on the same bill managed to come out on top of the fast-stepping team representing the profs. The latter claim that they let the girls win, but have so far failed to produce any evidence to prove their statements.

If Gladys Fry could play all year our girls should have no trouble winning against almost any opposition this year. The rest of the girls nevertheless will be a hard bunch to stop especially in the intercollegiate.

The hockey team did not do so well last week. The senior team lost to the Soops on Thursday 2-1, and again to the Elks on Saturday 3-2. However, as the scores will indicate they were far from disgraced. The Superior game was a humdinger. Bill Broadfoot certainly made his weight felt. A lot can be said for Bill's sportsmanship in stepping in to fill vacancies made by the scholastic ruling.

The game against the Elks was a much tamer affair, but at that Varsity was very unfortunate in not getting at least a tie. Allan McNabb certainly played the role of a robber on many occasions. The second Elk goal was so far offside that some of the Elk supporters even admitted it. This decision did not help a bit.

GIRLS' FORWARD



DOT SPOULE

One of the old reliables of the girls' hockey team, well known to all the fans of the puck game as played by our co-eds.

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM SET FOR FIRST GAME

Varsity in Northern Alberta and Intercollegiate Leagues

The senior girls' hockey team will play their first game of the season against the Monarchs, towards the end of January. In preparation for this event and others of a like nature they have been practising steadily since about December 1. The coaching is in the efficient hands of Bill Foster, an Alberta graduate, and former player on the senior team. Miss Jean Knowles is proving an excellent manager.

New Players Out

On this year's team we have several of last year's members back, as well as many very promising newcomers. Our old standbys, Kathleen Campbell and Dot Sproule, are still with us in the forward line. Mary Cogswell and Laura Gourlay, new members last year, are making excellent forwards. Ursula McLatchie and Kal Ross are upholding the defence line. With Gert Connors as forward and Betty Wallace for goal, the old members promise to do well for the team this year.

Intercollegiate League

The girls will play the Monarchs for the Northern Alberta League. Later they will play in the Intercollegiate League with the University of Manitoba.

Let's Support the Girls!

The first game promises plenty of excitement and interest. Let's all turn out! Come and see the old girls do their stuff! Come and see the new members exhibit their prowess!—and last, but not least, come and see all the players in their new uniforms!

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DROP ME A CARD

By Freshman 1001

Sending cards! Therein lies the solution of all social and other evils! Those that should know tell us not to lose that atmosphere of good-will experienced at the beginning of the New Year. In keeping this atmosphere let us not forget the importance of sending cards!

A greeting card is so soul-satisfying. You get a card on which is depicted a winter scene. Among the trees, houses, snowbanks, and clouds, it is possible to find words which when arranged in their proper order convey to you the delightfully original message: "Wishing you a Merry Xmas." It is quite evident the sender has a mind of his own, for in spite of sundry denunciations he has used the word "Xmas" again.

It is often possible to discover the additional words "—and a Happy New Year," thus adding to the charm of the message. It is very bad form to send New Year greetings apart from Christmas greetings. One feels such an outpouring of goodwill that he sends a double quantity of heartfelt greetings on one and the same card.

You must be an ingrate indeed if you can resist replying to such evidence of good-feeling. To write twenty letters in reply would be inconvenient to say the least.

Simply send "Thank you" cards. Have a gross or so engraved and keep them by you from year to year. Each one would convey your heartfelt thankfulness were it to be worded thus:

"Heartfelt thanks for your heartfelt greetings."

By having cards engraved and carefully avoiding the signing of your name the recipients will have the additional joy of trying to puzzle out who sent them.

Should you receive such a "Thank you" card, remember the large-heartedness that prompted its sending. Reply immediately, thus keeping up the spirit of Christmas, and incidentally maintaining your correspondence with "old acquaintance." Although in sending the greetings you chose the first ones you happened to see—knowing that in the general feeling of goodwill such trifles as inappropriate wording would be overlooked—although you did not consider carefully then it would be well to choose some appropriate wording for your reply to a "Thank you" card. You could have several hundred mimeographed as follows:

"Thank you for your card thanking me for the greetings I sent you."

Your signature would not be out of place here unless you wish to continue the enjoyable game of "hide-and-seek."

Whoever receives such a card must gratefully acknowledge it in the spirit in which it was sent. Some such reply as the following you would expect to receive:

"I received your card thanking me for sending you the card thanking you for sending me Christmas greetings. Thank you very much."

Thus the sender would keep up the good old spirit and his reputation

as a correspondent. Your own fair name must not be sullied because of your delay in replying. It is possible to have a number of cards printed bearing this inscription:

"Many thanks for your card thanking me for thanking you for sending me those greetings."

As many of such cards as necessary could be sent so that they would arrive on Thanksgiving Day, and would evidently be quite appropriate.

Possibly by this time you will have so added to the goodwill of your correspondents that you may receive about the first of December, a communication like this:

"So is your Aunt Jemimah!"

You may then console yourself with the reflection that in another month there will be another New Year in which you can start all over again in your endeavours to maintain the Christmas atmosphere.

The Sow's Ear

A Treatise on Twittering

There is a long-felt want in this University for some practical instruction in Twittering. As long as this need is not satisfied, we must be doomed to view the mournful sight of downy Freshmen, pitiable in their eagerness for knowledge of this elegant accomplishment, yet tragically soul-starved by their ignorance of it—we must resign ourselves to the sight of rugged grey-beard seniors, haggard from their battles with life, helpless and aghast when confronted with a comparatively simple problem—we must endure the agony of seeing job of twittering after job of twittering bungled by Sophomores and Juniors who display that incredible mixture of ardent zeal and clumsy ineptitude which we usually associate only with apprentice barbers. Even our glorious editor-in-chief grovelled in the dirt last week by confessing that he knew nothing about twittering, and even expressed some mental foginess on the broad distinction between twittering and necking. Hence the necessity for an article on this subject.

I am dividing my homily into several headings, as is usual with sermons and other learned disquisitions.

Firstly we must consider the proposition: "Isn't twittering an art?" Our reply to this rhetorical question is of course, "Isn't it?" Without doubt twittering is an art to be ranked among the finest. It requires even more technical knowledge, even more delicate artistry and aesthetic judgment than plumbing. Now, you are all more or less familiar with plumbing. You never doubt but that to be a successful plumber one must conscientiously strive to develop a highly-polished technique and carefully and religiously follow the cult of the beautiful in an endeavour to attain not only mechanical perfection, but a high degree of artistry such as can delight the observer and fill him with thoughts of the loftiest nature. Yet, although you grant that plumbing is an art, you seem unwilling to admit that to the practice of twittering must be brought the same mechanical skill, the same wealth in imagination, the same executive ability to judge the situation, as are found essential to good plumbing.

A plumber becomes a good plumber through experience in the use of equipment. In the same way, a twit-his equipment, and he must have good terer can only become adept through intelligent experience and with good equipment. Now, all are ready to grant that experience is necessary, but few seem to realize that between experience and intelligent experience there lies a vast chasm of difference which makes the twit-ter efficient or bumbling as the case may be. Most of us have had and continue to have, I trust, experience in twittering, but by this experience we do not always intelligently benefit. And there is the of the situation. After doing a job of twittering, check over the whole affair. What was the problem? What difficulties were presented by the particular aspects of the case? To what extent did the twit-terer reply solely upon equipment, capital, etc., to complete the job, and to what extent on experience? What lessons can be drawn from this case? How can the twit-terer's twittering be improved upon in cases, say, of that type?

Not until every case of twittering is conscientiously examined, not until the twit-terer ceases to rely solely on superficial equipment and strives solely for technique, will this institution be able to point with pride to jobs of twittering on the campus, and say, "We men of Alberta apply to twittering the same amount of intelligent study, or more even, than we apply to mere academic knowledge." And for this Utopian end Sow's Ear will continually strive. Not more, but better twittering.

AREOPERIMETER.

The International Association of Tramps has asked Vienna police to allow the organization to hold its 1930 annual congress in that city.

The PIG'S EYE



It is with very real pleasure indeed that we announce to our readers the discovery of a real gem of thought and that, oddly enough, in a most unlikely field, our college weekly. It is none other than a complete definition of an educated man. We had long depended in our feeble way upon such light on this matter as might be thrown by Milton or Huxley, but their modest efforts pale into insignificance before the astounding clearness, we might say brilliance, of this new theory. An educated man, good sirs, is "a student of Philosophy." We have this from no less an authority than one, Wonga, whose sagacious utterances, strangely enough, had hitherto escaped us. We quote as follows:

"Almost at the last of the line, walking rather apart from the rest, is a student of Philosophy. He smiles, and with good reason, as he looks about him; but it is not a smile of cynicism or disdain. It is a smile of sympathy, understanding and tolerance, the badge of an educated man." Heavens! to think we only passed Phil. 2 with difficulty!

It is only on closer inspection of this revolutionary thesis that its full beauty and power is apparent. Let us consider it. First of all, the gentleman (the educated one) walks apart. Why? Are his meditations too profound to be disturbed by the prattle of the unfortunates who escaped Philosophy? Or is it due to modesty at the realization of his own intrinsic worth? Or, horrible thought! is it the fatuous grin of one who has so long stood aside from the coarse multitude that his mind has turned in upon itself and rendered him immune from all save the consideration of his own intellectual excellence?

No, it is not that. Wonga assures us that "it is not a smile of cynicism, or disdain" such as the nasty old editor of this column might give. It is a smile "of sympathy, understanding and tolerance." So there! Yet another doubt strikes me. For whom is the sympathy? Those who have not taken a Philosophy course? And if so, why? Understanding, that he may the more pity us? Tolerance, for the poor attempts we make at knowing? Truly this a very new type of educated man!

And yet we cannot help but regret that hundreds of young minds who came to this university full of the hope that here they might get a start on education at least, were doomed from the first merely because in their ignorance they turned away from Philosophy, the very root and spring of education. Blindly they studied English, mathematics, political economy, seeking from these unprofitable sources a true education, while all the while Philosophy stood at their elbow, as it were.

Just here might we point out to the not over-careful reader that we have persistently spelled philosophy with a capital "P" in the very best Wongian manner. Denuded of its capital it becomes a very different thing entirely, not a course which leads with sure step to education, but a system of thought engendered by the love of wisdom which leads to the study of the causes or laws of what happens or is seen. This inferior thing is, strangely enough, the property of all men and, unhappily, they follow it in the hope that they may not "walk apart" but rather enjoy life as they know it.

By the way, just who is educated?

Side by side with this wholly desirable personage, the "educated" man, our good Wonga places the "blooming intellectual" who will "end his days either in an academic chair or a wheel chair." He is a "pallid individual, somewhat undersized, with determined mouth and overhanging brow." Dear me! We had always

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

By P.D.H.

This is a day of house cleaning in the storage cells of the brain. There is an exodus across the campus, a jumbling and a cramming in the street-cars, a hilarious rioting and scholastic wit no longer hampered by pitting itself against the dull areas of a black board. A general dispersion takes place around 101st street and from then on the children of Mrs. Alma Mater scatter and gambol wheresoever their fancies lead them.

The Talkies

One of the points of congestion is in the line just outside of the ticket wicket of the theatres between 1 and 2 o'clock. Here is an exemplified exception to the old rule, "United we stand and divided we fall," because when the students unite as they do, the two-bit pieces find a common holder whose order nearly swamps the box office and the result is that they all sit down and watch the soft-schornlrum and becoming so envied Virginian herd his cattle and grooved with the modernistic note struck by the whole thing that they are forced to stop and think to recall the balcony scene of Romeo and Juliet; whereas the citizens of Edmonton, divided and standing, await outside.

Trade and Commerce

They are quite busy at Woolworth's, for here the Political Economy student can put his last 15 cents into circulation and return home content that he, at least, is not withholding the progress of industry by keeping his money out of circulation.

In the large department stores all flirtations between the hired help are suspended for the afternoon, for what honest working shoe-salesman can stand to watch his sweetie at the

ROLL 'EM, GIRLS, ROLL 'EM

By Whooplit

It is with mixed feelings of emotion that I again take up my pen; this time in defense of those members of our University the majority of whom live in that far-famed hall known as Pembina. My pen, however, seems to be in the same state as that, in theory, of our neighbours to the South. But we still have a type-writer, so, as Squire Western said to Tom Jones, "To her, boy, to her, go to her—"

Well—and that is always a convenient word with which to commence a sentence—well, there is, I am forced to relate, a very sorry state of affairs existing in the otherwise congenial relationships which exist among the men and women (or should I say boys and girls?) of this institution. There is—and although I may not be your best friend, I say with all humility that this insidious thing must be overcome—a very serious complaint among us.

I am not, patient reader, endeavouring to work you up to a frenzy of suspense; far be it from me to stoop to such unsportsmanlike practices. I am not, even, seeking to play unduly upon your emotion: for has not Confucius written that actions speak louder than words? No, kind friends, I am merely attempting to put you into the proper frame of mind for the startling revelation which is to come.

The Idea

Since you have read this far, it is

FEATURE WRITER



ZELLA OLIVER

Whose combination of talents as feature writer and reporter have proven invaluable to The Gateway this year.

so admired intellectuals. And now they're all spoiled for us. Yet we do recall that what little learning we acquired was from these despised intellectuals. Many were in academic chairs and one was in a wheel chair. All of them after a fashion did have "determined mouths" and "overhanging brows." What of it? That they were "pallid" or "undersized" we deny. Many of them were giants in stature as well as in intellect.

But aside from idle quibbling, we are constrained to inquire: What difference does a man's stature make if he is possessed of brains? For surely the noble Wonga believes men of intellect to be first of all men with an abundance of brains. Why the silly cavilling at men who hold academic positions? It took brains to get there, and they didn't have to write song hits either. A world without intellectuals, we say, would be a sorry place indeed for those of us who depend on someone more learned for guidance. And in "those of us" we include the all-wise Wonga. —H. D. S.

only fair for me to let loose the bogey and then proceed to drive it home. Briefly, then, the situation is this: it seems that, if a male student accompanies a companion of the opposite sex to some social function at the beginning of the term, then by reason of this act on his part, he presumes that he has a prior claim on that girl for the rest of the season. Visualize what that means: A boy may meet and possibly dance once or twice with a freshette at the first dance of the term. He then, possibly with her consent, may escort her to her place of residence. To his way of thinking this means that she is HIS particular girl for the rest of the term, and he resents, often in no uncertain terms, any attempt on her part to go out with any other male friend. Of course, it is quite all right for him to go out with as many different girls on as many different occasions as he pleases. Gosh, a fellow has got to take out a lot of girls, hasn't he? How else can he pick out the one whom he likes best? But it never occurs to this type of individual that perhaps the girl, also, might like to experiment a little on her own part. She may not care for his companionship at all, but that doesn't matter, oh my, no; he thinks she is the belle of the campus, so... oh well, of course she likes his style, for didn't he take her home from the first dance?

Consider the Girl Friend

The result of this is that the girl, although perhaps wishing to accompany some other valued boy friend to some function to which he has asked her, refrains from doing so because the previously mentioned chap who walked home with her from the first dance would promptly spread the charge that she was fickle, a gold-digger, and other things of an equally unpleasant character. Consequently, the worthy lady who really desired her company on this particular evening either stays at home or asks some other girl for whom he does not particularly care to accompany him. In either case he is about equally unhappy, while the girl whom he wished to be his companion is literally forced to remain at home and darn stockings for diversion.

I have heard from authoritative sources that this idea does not prevail among the boys in the American universities; but lest I be accused of unfairness, there are, thank heaven, still a number of students in our own University who are broad-minded enough to think of their girl friends

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(Continued on Page 6)

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PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY HEADS BOWLING

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Well, here we are again, after a two weeks' rest to recover from the bad effects of Christmas tests. No games were played in the Bowling League during the holidays because of the absence of a good many of the members of various teams. Apparently the rest (?) was good for some of the bowlers. Herbie Morris, for instance, scattered the little sticks for a score of better than 300, which is not so bad in any man's league. Though nobody else quite equalled this, there were several scores of over 200.

Probably inspired by the example of Mr. Morris, the Physical Chemistry team proceeded to lift themselves to the top of the pile, to the position occupied almost continuously since the beginning of the league by the Organic team. The comparative equality of the various teams may be seen from the fact that only four points separate the first and third teams, though the fourth team is rather behind in the race.

Averages up to last week's games have not been compiled as yet, but the chances are that we will see some of the newcomers to the game leading the parade when they are issued.

The team standing, including games of Jan. 9, are:

Physical	25 points
Organic	23 points
Analytical	21 points
Inorganic	14 points

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Jade Ear Located on Southern Plantation

The following article appeared in the London Times of January 10, 1930:

The offer made by the British Museum for the recovery of the African jade ear has aroused much consternation on the sugar plantation owned by Mr. J. S. Courtney, of Hampton, Virginia. The negro mammy, Liza, who has lived with the family since she was a child, is the proud possessor of the Lucky Jade ear. She is the only living descendant of the High Priest of Jade, and faithful to her trust, she has guarded and kept secret its sacred hiding place.

For years she has charmed tourists and visitors to the plantation with her weird incantations and her remarkable forecasts of the future which the power of the Lucky Jade enables her to make. The history of the jade ear, as told by Liza, is itself most fascinating.

In the temple of the great Voo-doo God a magnificent jade idol of wondrous lustre and power held the temporal sway for Voo-doo over its realm. For centuries the people came to worship, and received from its charmed vibrations great blessings of peace and prosperity. At all times this sacred image was guarded and watched by the High Priests of Jade. But there was one time in all the years when the chosen maiden of the land came to dance, and so pour out her soul to the Great God of Jade as an offering from her people. This was held at the hour just before the temple feast of Jade. Then it was that Guion, the faithless, angered because Lael had rejected his love, followed the favorite to the temple shrine and all unseen, entered. He, stealthily, with quick hand, cut the ear from the head of the Jade God. Lael, in anguish and terror, rushed to save the sacred image, and Guion, with his knife, stabbed and killed her. Darkness came upon the temple and the people, but Guion was later sought out and killed. The ear was saved by a High Priest of the order, and it had come with him to America when he was stolen away, as a slave, by the white men. So it had been protected and handed down until now it was in the keeping of Liza, the last living descendant of the High Priest of Jade.

The British Museum is certain that a thousand pounds will never induce Liza to part with the Lucky Jade. Is the serenity of the Courtney plantation at an end? It is feared by many that the lucky jade stone is too coveted a prize to be free from the designs of unscrupulous adventurers.

Further details will be revealed in later issues of The Gateway and in Convocation Hall on Thursday and Friday, February 6th and 7th.

FOUR TEAMS PLAY INTERFAC. HOCKEY

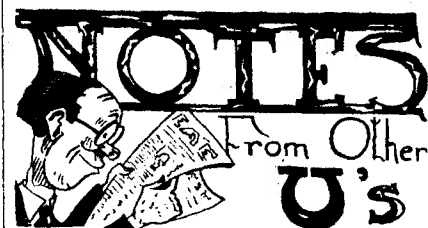
Ag-Com-Law and Arts-Pharm Battle to Tie—Med-Dents Swamp Ag-Com-Law 8-0

Ag-Com-Law vs. Arts-Pharm
Two more games have passed into history in our Interfaculty Hockey League. This time the Arts-Pharm battled to a 1-1 draw with the Ag-Com-Law team. This was a hard-fought and vigorous encounter. The teams were well matched. We watch with bated breath what will happen when these teams meet again.

Med-Dents vs. Ag-Com-Law
The boys from the Medical Building ran wild in their game against the farmers, business men and lawyers, and when the smoke cleared away the embryo doctors and dentists had tickled the twine eight times, while a goose-egg was the best their opponents could do. The Med-Dents played a strong offensive game, and while they didn't actually skate their opponents into the ice, they backed them into their goal.

From the results they obtained in this game the Med-Dents are puffing out their chests and promising to do wonders to the Arts-Pharm team, who are sitting near the top of the league, and yet only held the Ag-Com-Law to a 1-1 tie.

League Standing	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts
Engineers	3	2	1	0	4
Arts-Pharm	2	1	0	1	3
Med-Dents	2	1	1	0	2
Ag-Com-Law	3	0	2	1	1



League of Nations Club
(McGill Daily)

The British Empire will figure largely at the next meeting of the League of Nations Club to be held on Thursday, December 19th, at 8:15 in Strathcona Hall. The economic conditions of the Empire will be examined in a paper on "Empire Free Trade," and her foreign relations and position in the League of Nations in one on "The British Empire and the League of Nations." The two papers will be read by M. G. Ballantyne and W. A. Barclay respectively.

Gettysburg, Po. (I.P.)—A recent ruling of the board of trustees of Gettysburg College barring the entrance of new girl students, has aroused the Gettysburg chapter of the Women's League of Gettysburg College to take the lead in a contest of the decision.

It was intimated the chapter might aid in financing a new dormitory for women if co-eds were permitted to enter the institution in the future.

Ann Arbor, Mich. (I.P.)—Charges of disorderly conduct placed against nine students of the University of Michigan who were arrested in a raid on an alleged liquor vendor's here, have been withdrawn, and the under-

"SLEEP—BLESSED SLEEP"

By P.E.W.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!

A mystery remains unsolved. An idea which fascinates, obsesses, dominates the individual mind remains an enigma. The more closely and amorously you woo sleep the more intangibly does it elude the pursuer. It hovers above your restless pillow; it swoops with powerful droning wings fanning you into listless oblivion. You clutch at it with frantic, eager hand. Alas! Sleep has fled! The phantoms of darkness surround you mercilessly.

That shadow which the fitful fire-light casts upon the wall. Is it an old woman, crouched low over her knitting—a witch who croons and mutters with ghastly, soundless laughter?

That other shadow—you start up in bed, your heart pounding a stifling tune! Surely it moves, it sways—steadily creeping along the wall towards you. A man wearing a slouch hat points a gun with uncertain fingers. In very trepidation they lead beads of perspiration cover your forehead and you await the sound of creaking boards as he moves ever nearer. Ahhh! A sigh of relief is breathed. The evil machinations of a chest of drawers, a peg and an ornament have resulted in the formation of this horrible bogey.

The Haunting Conscience
The day's, week's or even month's events pass in endless review before you. The exam you did not pass, the assignments you did not do, the lectures you skipped, all march monotonously to and fro. You banish them only to find them replaced by remorseful thoughts concerning the low state of your finances, the fifty cents you owe Bella, the dollar you owe Mary.

In desperation you clutch at the novel idea of remembering even the minute details of a story. The latest murder mystery stands forth as if indelibly printed on the retina of your eye. You listen! The awful stillness which pervades the house at midnight is broken by the slow, relentless, tick-tock of a grandfather clock. Stay! That is not the only sound. What is that steady, dull, yet regular drip, drip, drip?

Creaks and Squeaks
It is at just this moment that various boards begin to creak. It happens in even the best-built houses. One board makes a sound like a pistol-shot, another like the creak of a cautiously descending foot, still another sounds like a door slowly grinding on rusty hinges.

Will sleep never come? One-two-three and so on. Sheep, sheep, and more sheep running through a gap. It serves only to increase the alertness of your mind. You picture one of the silly creatures getting caught fast in the aperture. Serves it right!

At Last!!!
Suddenly a favorite tune flashes into your head. It sings itself over and over. At last a sweet drowsiness pervades your whole being. You are asleep!

"To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul."

Dramatic Society Plans Ambitious 1930 Program

Tentative Arrangements Being Made to Present Senior Play in Calgary and Year Play in Collaboration With Edmonton Little Theatre

The Dramatic Society is showing itself to be one of the most progressive of the University organizations by its ambitious plans for 1930. These plans include the presentation of the Senior play, "Shall We Join the Ladies?" in the Alberta Dramatic and Operatic League's Festival to be held in Calgary next month, and the presentation of this year's major play in collaboration with the Little Theatre organization of Edmonton, also taking place in February.

The main difficulty in the proposal to present the Senior play in Calgary is the question of expense. Messrs. Holroyd and Landymore, the scenic artists who have helped not a little in making Varsity plays a success in the past two years, have pointed out that the settings used for this play are large enough to be used in the Grand Theatre in Calgary, so that the

finance problem is chiefly concerned with transportation. Suitable arrangements may be made later, however. Mrs. N. W. Haynes will be responsible for the stage presentation sent from the University to represent Edmonton in the Festival. One or two of the cast may not be able to make the journey, necessitating the recasting of the missing characters.

The Little Theatre movement, which has already received enthusiastic backing in Edmonton, will give evidence of its work some time in February. Two or three plays will be staged, and it is planned that one of them is to be the Year Play of the U. of A. Dramatic Society. According to a tentative arrangement, the Year Play will be presented for one night in Convocation Hall, and, on some succeeding night, in the theatre to be chartered by the Little Theatre committee. Financially, the Dramatic Society should realize just as much as (or perhaps more than) is realized in the usual two-night performance given in Convocation Hall. In addition, it is possible that the Varsity players' talent may become more generally known as a result of an overtown presentation—a gain which may be of great value to the Society in its future work.

The 1930 Year Play has not yet been definitely decided on. Among possible plays under consideration are "The Farmer's Wife," "Many Waters" and "John Ferguson," the first-named play at present being favored. It is to be hoped that Mrs. N. W. Haynes can be persuaded to coach the players. Mrs. Haynes is a member of the play selection committee of the Alberta Operatic and Dramatic League, and is a member of the board of syndics of the Edmonton Little Theatre organization. In the past, she has given invaluable aid to the Dramatic Society, and her help this year would be more than welcome.

CARD OF THANKS

I would like to thank the Pharmacy Club for the financial support given the Arts-Pharm hockey team. I can only wish that their sister faculty, the Arts, could show the same spirit.

R. A. FRASER.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

(Continued from Page 5)

Engineers departing under varying conditions, and wonder why it is that they spell four as f-o-r-t-y.

Big Returns
Six-thirty and everybody home. Humorous and doubtful experiences are related at the table and now and then someone breaks out with a loud guffaw of laughter which even makes the co-ed forget the dainty food before her and take notice. So passes another Saturday afternoon, alike all others in the general view of overtown persons, but when you get right down to details they are very different and individualistic—just get some enthusiastic soul to tell you all about it.

graduates are expected to be called as state's witnesses against William Morgan, operator of the place.

Scientific Book Club

New York.—Five American college professors have been chosen by the newly organized Scientific Book Club as an editorial board to pick the best scientific books each month.

The five named are: Dr. Kirtley F. Mather, Harvard University, geologist, chairman; Dr. Arthur H. Compton, University of Chicago, physicist; Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, Columbia University, psychologist; Dr. Edwin G. Conklin, Princeton University, biologist, and Dr. Harlan T. Stetson, director of Perkins Observatory, Ohio Wesleyan University.

CONVERSATION

By Cyclops

When you, my reader, meet a stranger, do you find yourself well able to carry on an intelligent conversation? Or do you feel rather self-conscious, and wonder which would be worse—to talk about the weather, or to say nothing? Have you ever happened to overhear an argument about the doings of Russia or China—or a discussion about the latest book—or an opinion about the building of some huge electric plant—and have you felt completely ignorant regarding all these questions? Perhaps not, but it happens to me continually. I seem to be always "going to" catch up with my French, or English, or both, so that I shall have time to read one of the books I want to, and to acquaint myself with a few of the happenings of the world.

A New Variety of Prison
But I never reach that delightful goal—and consequently feel as if I am in a prison with the door closed. It is a nice large comfortable prison, with plenty of inmates like myself, and room for a certain number of necessities—but no spare room, for visitors do not feature as desirable.

Each of us has his or her duties in our prison, which, although not difficult to escape from, provides a penalty for neglect of those duties. For if we leave our Math or Physics to read a book, we are "behind," and it takes at least thrice the time to recover that it did to read that interesting book. And where is the time coming from? Even if we don't take Latin (and oh, but some of us do!) we know that Tempus fugit and does it so successfully that we can never catch him.

When we hear that our University is a life in itself, we feel proud to be a member of an independent and self-supporting institution, but how easy it is to lose touch with the outside world, into which we are to be thrust, when (or if?) we finally emerge triumphant!

Tempus Has to be Caught
Perhaps it is lack of system, perhaps it is lack of speed, which causes our dilemma—or it may be that we are still fairly "fresh" and don't yet know the ropes. If so, let us fervently pray that we may recover next year. As it is, there are at least sixteen "duties" waiting to be performed (with old Tempus well away in the most speedy of modern aeroplanes), while these pearls of wisdom are being concocted for The Gateway.

A STARTLER

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Would you be kind enough to grant enough space to put before the graduating class one need felt for many years, but overlooked by previous years when seeking memoranda of their departure. I refer to the men's common room, Arts Building. For many moons it has been Fate alone which has allowed so many happy youths to enter the room and depart as happily. For Fate alone has guided their unwitting steps among the many blobs that decorate the checkered floor. Had it not been so many a hapless crash would have resulted, for slippery indeed is the substance. The need you will no doubt have discovered, by now, is for a cuspidor.

Yours sincerely,
RUFUS.

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